

# ~~~~~ Dolphins In Memoriam ~~~~~

## Kate Coleman



Kate Coleman, a ferocious journalist, competitive swimmer, and periodic upstairs hostess at Chez Panisse, who chronicled the Bay Area's political and sexual upheaval for more than 50 years, died last June. She was 81.

Kate lived Bay Area history and took notes, even when her research went against her politics. In 1978, she investigated the Black Panther Party's criminality, focusing on the unsolved murder of its bookkeeper, Betty Van Patter. When her life was threatened, she left the country. On her return, she installed window bars, bought a gun, and learned how to shoot.

David Weir, co-founder of the Center for Investigative Reporting, described Kate as a "fearless, indefatigable Berkeley-based journalist who resisted fashions for more than thirty years while writing penetrating, courageous reports on the Black Panther Party both when it was lionized...and when it was demonized." And her 2005 book, *The Secret Wars of Judi Bari: A Car Bomb, the Fight for the Redwoods and the End of Earth First!* challenged environmental orthodoxy.

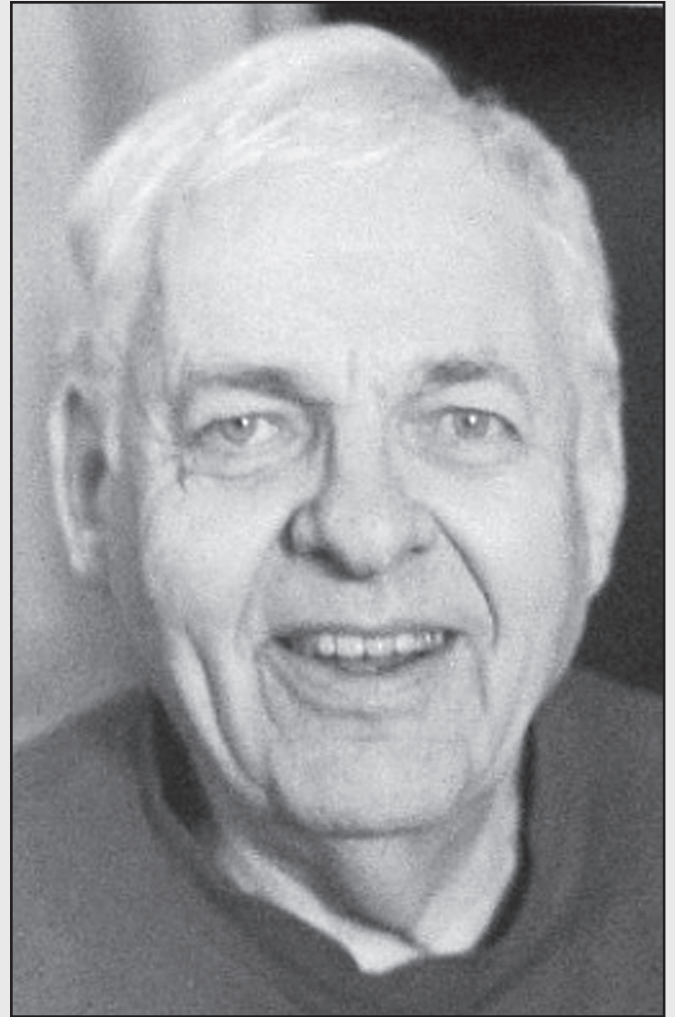
She also wrote about herself. In her early years, she wrote a column about her sexual experimentation in her regular column, "Where Angels Fear to Tread," for the Berkeley Barb. Her extensive files were saved by her friend, Linda Schacht, and are now in the Kate Coleman Archive at Stanford University Libraries. When she was younger, Kate covered the food movement from the inside, working once a week as the upstairs hostess at Chez Panisse.

She became a senior jock, swimming at the Dolphin Club, where she won medals and ribbons. Every New Year's Day, she swam from Alcatraz to San Francisco in a bathing suit. Wetsuits, she said, were for wusses.

Kate was an ardent feminist who didn't mind telling you she preferred the company of men. She never married but had many lovers. Her internal volume was always set to loud, and she often blended Shakespearean quotes with cursing. When Kate learned she had dementia and was asked what medical care she would want at the end of her life, she told me, whom she appointed her medical power of attorney, "Throw me in the water, and if I do the butterfly, save me."

In her last weeks, Kate babbled, occasionally saying something coherent. Several weeks ago, she said, "No more swimming." And a week before she died, she said, "No lovers." A gathering of Kate's friends was held in Berkeley in May. *Carol Pogash*

## Ned Hoffman



Life Member Ned Hoffman passed away on February 23, 2024, in Michigan, at age 89. He joined the Club in 1980 and became very active. Ned was a pilot, Boat Captain from 1983 to 1987, Helper of the Year in 1987, and taught boat training. When not serving the club, Ned enjoyed long runs across the bridge and through the Marin headlands and just hanging out with Lou. Rich Cooper

"Ned was a guiding light for me when I got into rowing: always kind, gentle, and knowledgeable about the ways of the Club. I always knew when Ned was or had been around from the lingering scent of his cigar." — Ken Frank

"I miss his smile." — Bob McKenzie

Ned was also a runner. He liked long, slow distances. He once took me out to Ft. Point, across the Golden Gate, up Hawk Hill to Rodeo Beach, back through the tunnel to Sausalito. A long, hilly day. He did that run often. *Mary Cantini*